

*Cade* Yea, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stoln away by a beggarwoman,  
And was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke* Nay looke you, I know twas true,  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie.

*Cade* But dost thou heare Stafford, tel the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boies plaid at spanne-counter with  
French crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as  
he liues: may alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staff.* O monstrous simplicitie!

*Cade* And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, & the  
duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the dukedomes of Anioy  
and Mayne, and selling the towns in France, by which meanes  
England hath bin maid euer since, and gone as it were with a  
crouch, but that the puissance held it vp. And besides, they can  
speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Staff.* As how I prethee?

*Cade* Why the French men are our enemies, be they not?  
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be  
a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

*Staff.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings  
mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and re-  
bellious deedes?

*Cade* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile  
pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his crowne tel him, ere it be  
long.

*Staff.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings townes,  
That those that wil forsake the Rebel Cade,  
Shall haue free pardon from his maiestie.

*exit Stafford and his men.*

*Cade* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

*exit omnes.*

*Alarum to battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is  
slaine.*

*slaine. Then lacke Cade againe, and the rest.*

*Cade* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most  
liantly, and knockt them downe as if thou hadst bin in  
slaughter house, and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall  
as long again as it was: thou shalt haue licence to kil for fo-  
score and one a weeke: drum strike vp, for now weele ma-  
to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seat  
Westminster.

*exit omnes.*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with  
the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,  
with others.*

*King* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,  
And the rebels march amaine to London,  
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parly with their generall.

*Reade.* Yet stay, ile reade the letter once againe:  
Lord Say, lacke Cade hath solemnly vowed to haue thy head.  
*Say.* Yea, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning  
Suffolks death, I feare my loue, if I had bin dead, thou wouldest  
not haue mournd so much for me.

*Queene* No my loue, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a messenger.*

*Messen.* Oh flie my Lord, the rebels are entered  
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the bridge,  
Calling your grace an vsurper,  
And that monstrous rebel Cade, hath sworne  
To crowne himselfe King in Westminster,  
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

*King* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
An Army vp, and meete with the rebels:  
Come Madam let vs haste to Killingworth,  
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,  
For feare the rebell Cade do find thee out.

*Say* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me:  
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, Ile stay behind.

*King* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:

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